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THE ROBERT E. COWAN COLLECTION  
PRESENTED TO THE  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
BY

C. P. HUNTINGTON

JUNE, 1897.

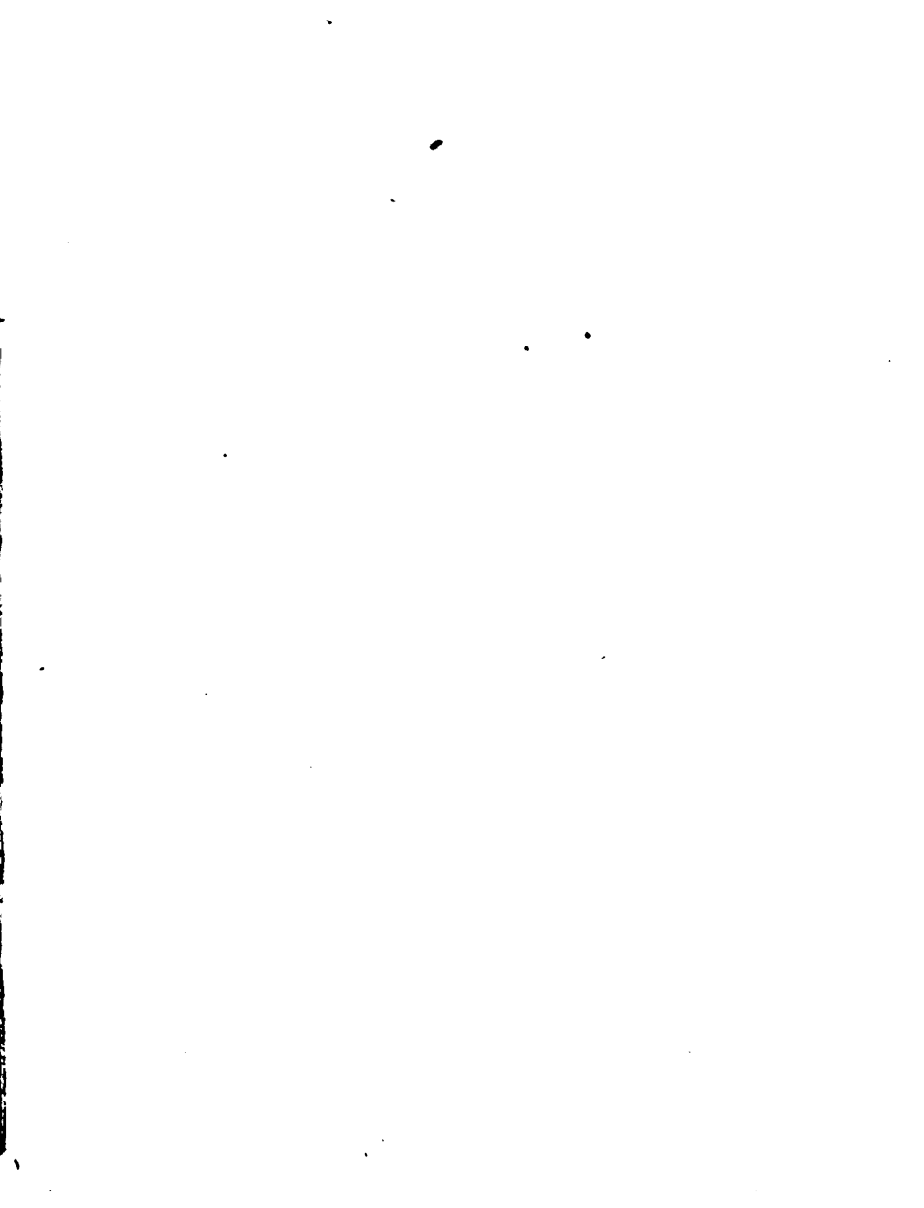
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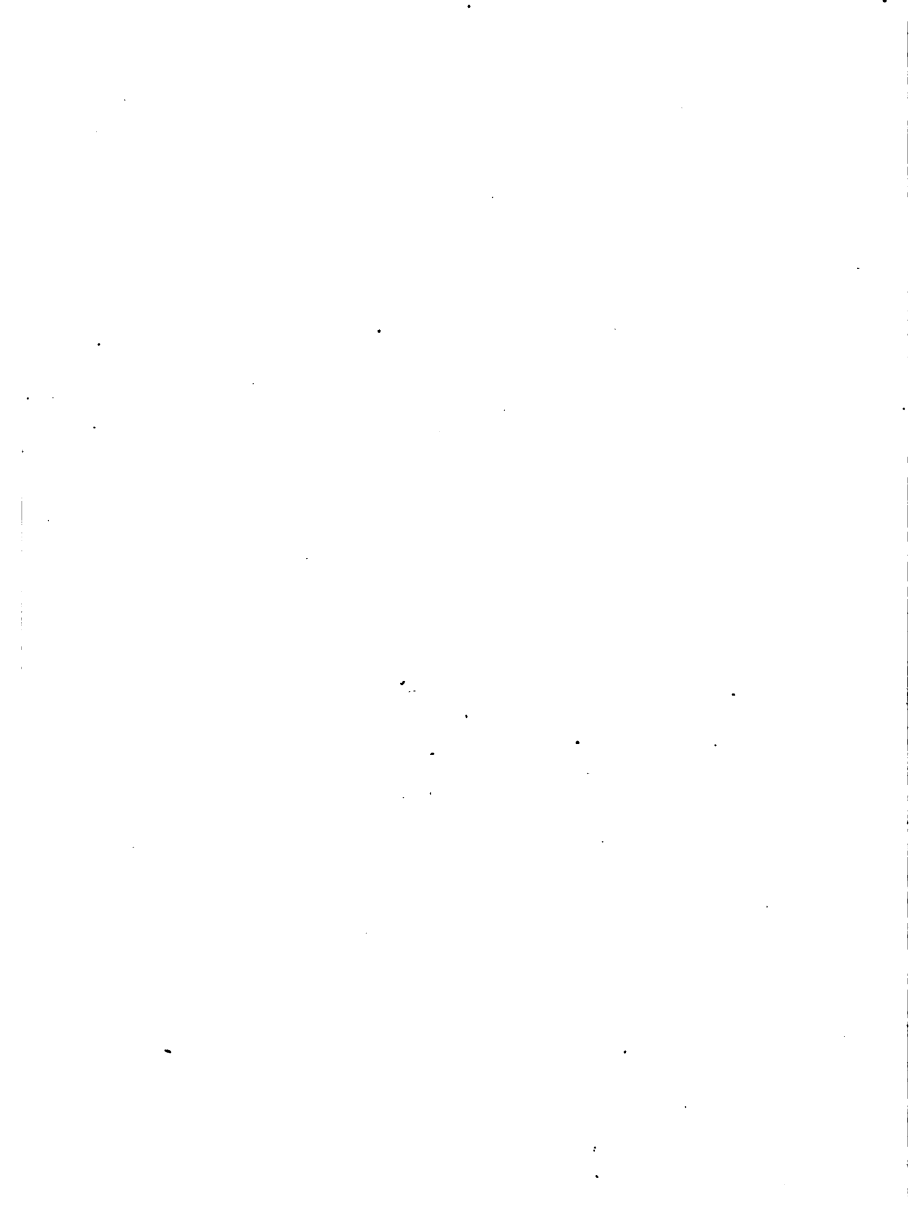
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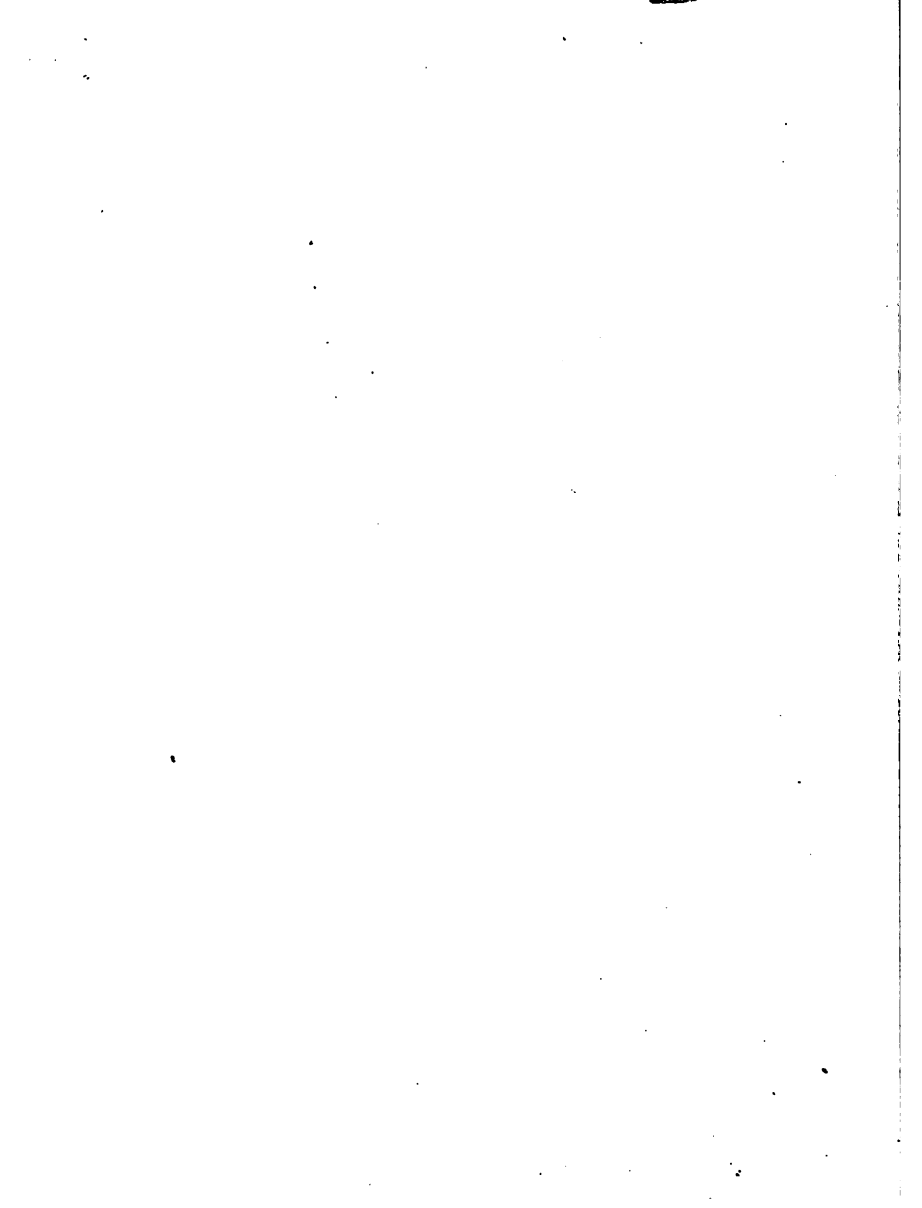






131.







FOR THOUGHT  
AND  
FOR REMEMBRANCE

*Yule*  
*Club*

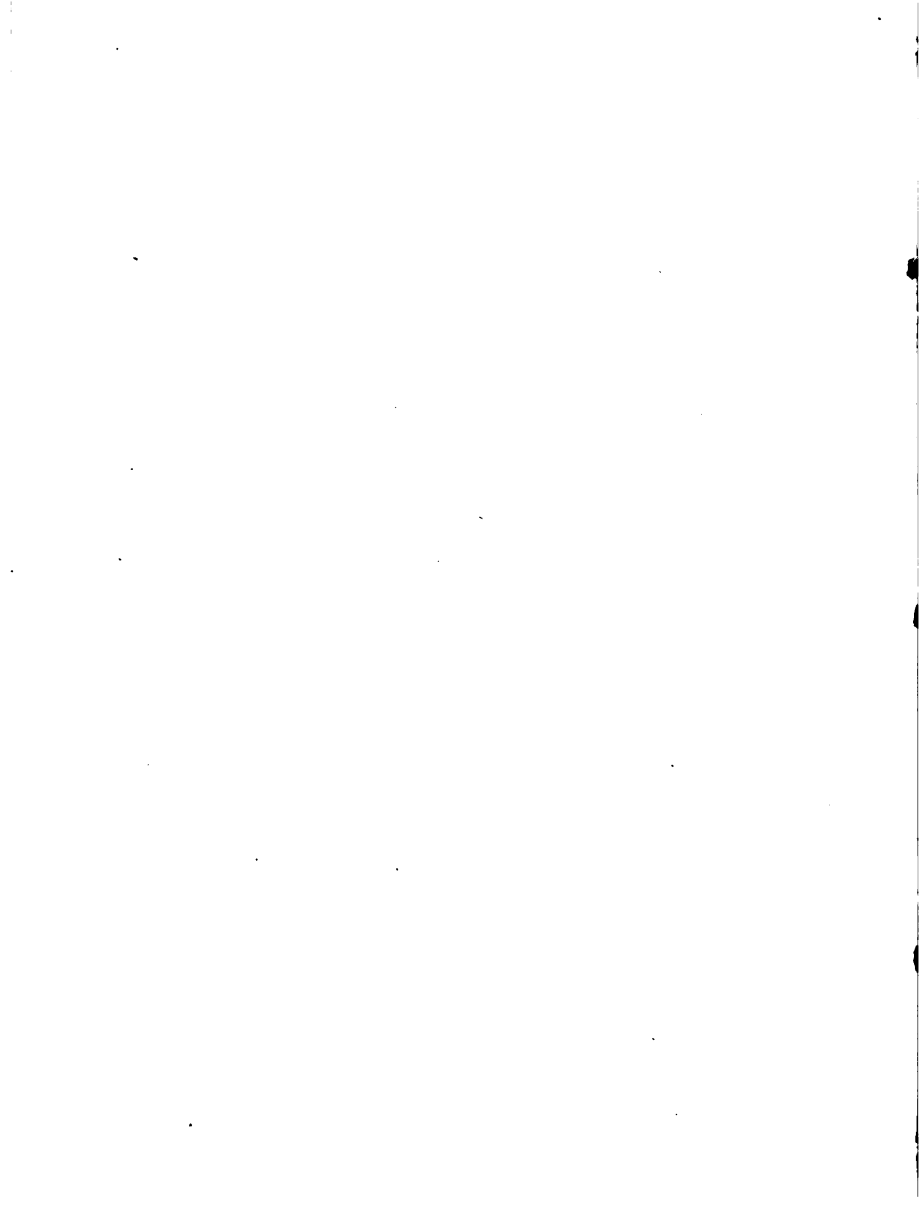
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COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

THE YULE CLUB

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

1893



Pipe, little reed of mine, nor stay  
Despairing, that no strength be found  
In thee. The majesty of sound  
To weakling instruments alway  
Hath been denied. Yet shouldst thou play  
Thy slender note midst chords profound,  
And it ring true, it shall be bound  
And carried on a royal way.  
Low are the twitterings of dawn,  
The heralds shy of warbling hours,  
And tiniest blooms, dew-gemmed, are born  
About the feet of stately flowers.  
Life needs must have of all some need ;  
Then pipe thee clear and true, my reed.

—Maud Wyman.



Be satisfied with nothing but your best.

—E. R. Sill.

Aspire, break bounds! I say,  
Endeavor to be good, and better still,  
And best!

—Browning.

It is a comely fashion to be glad :  
Joy is the grace we say to God.

—Jean Ingelow.

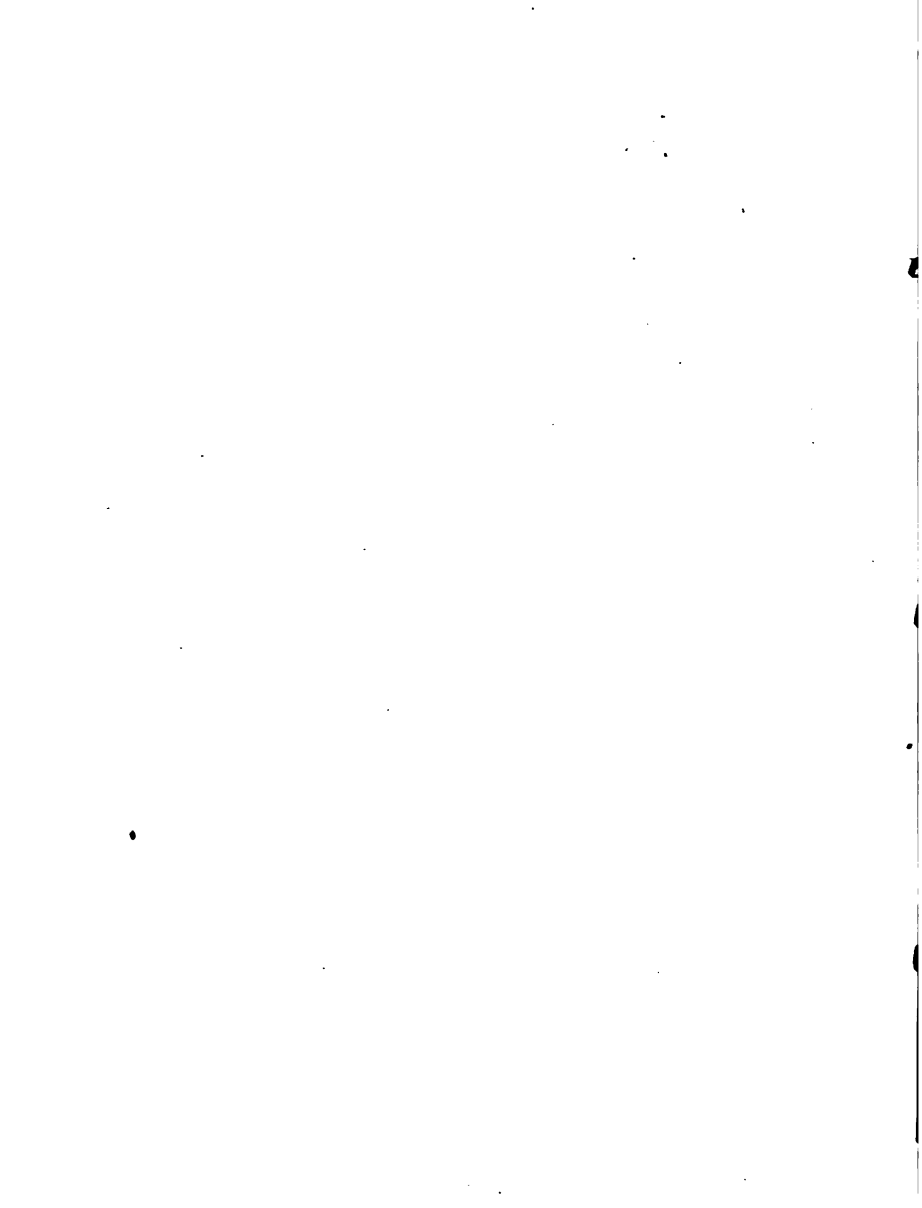
I find earth not gray, but rosy,—  
Heaven not grim, but fair of hue.  
Do I stoop? I pluck a posy.  
Do I stand and stare? All's blue.

—Browning.

It is both pleasant and wise to have a large acquaintance, to know life broadly and at its best ; but our intimate friends can never, in the nature of things, be many. We may know a host of interesting people, but we can really live with but a few. And it is these few and faithful ones whose names I see in the dying light of the old year and the faint gleams of the new.

—Hamilton Wright Mabie.





TO THE MOTHER.

Dear, near, and true,—no truer Time himself  
Can make you, though he make you evermore  
Dearer and nearer. —Tennyson.

If thou art blest,  
Then let the sunshine of thy gladness rest  
On the dark edges of each cloud that lies  
Black in thy brother's skies.

If thou art sad,  
Still be thou in thy brother's gladness glad.  
—A. E. Hamilton.

One who never turned his back but marched breast-  
forward ;  
Never doubted clouds would break ;  
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong  
would triumph ;  
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
Sleep to wake. —Browning.



Vanity makes us wish to be superior to others ;  
moral aspiration, to be superior to ourselves.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

Stay at home in your mind.

Don't recite other people's opinions. —Emerson.

It was the policy of a good old gentleman to make his children feel that home was the happiest place in the world ; and I value this delicious home feeling as one of the choicest gifts a parent can bestow.

—Washington Irving.

A man, so to speak, who is not able to bow to his conscience every morning is hardly in a condition to respectfully salute the world at any other time of the day.

—Douglas Jerrold.

There are many boys and girls, full of high hopes, lovely possibilities, and earnest plans, pausing a moment before they push their little boats from the safe shore. Let those who launch them see to it that they have good health to man the oars, good education for ballast, and good principles as pilots to guide them, as they voyage down an ever-widening river to the sea.

—Louisa M. Alcott.



In life's small things be resolute and great,  
To keep thy muscles trained. Know'st thou when  
Fate  
Thy measure takes? or when she'll say to thee,  
I find thee worthy,—do this thing for me?

—Emerson.

Out of the scabbard of the night,  
By God's hand drawn,  
Flashes His shining sword of light,  
And lo! the dawn.

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

And so I live, you see,  
Go through the world, try, prove, reject,  
Prefer, still struggling to effect  
My warfare; happy that I can  
Be crossed and thwarted as a man,  
Not left in God's contempt apart,  
With ghastly smooth life, dead at heart,  
Tame in earth's paddock as her prize.  
Thank God, she still each method tries  
To catch me.

—Browning.



Nothing reveals a man's character more fully than the spirit in which he bears his limitations.

—Hamilton Wright Mabie.

It is one of the moral uses of the night that it gives the world anew to us every morning, and of sleep that it makes life a daily re-creation.

—T. T. Munger.

There is nothing easier than to confound self-culture with selfishness, and yet never were two creeds more opposed.

—Annie N. Myer.

Laws that can be set at naught are among the most demoralizing influences which can curse a nation.

—J. H. Ewing.

I am bound to do less than you ; but I am just as surely bound to do my little as you are to do your much.

—Phillips Brooks.

Apology is only egotism wrong side out.

—Holmes.

Look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold :  
There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins.

—The Merchant of Venice.





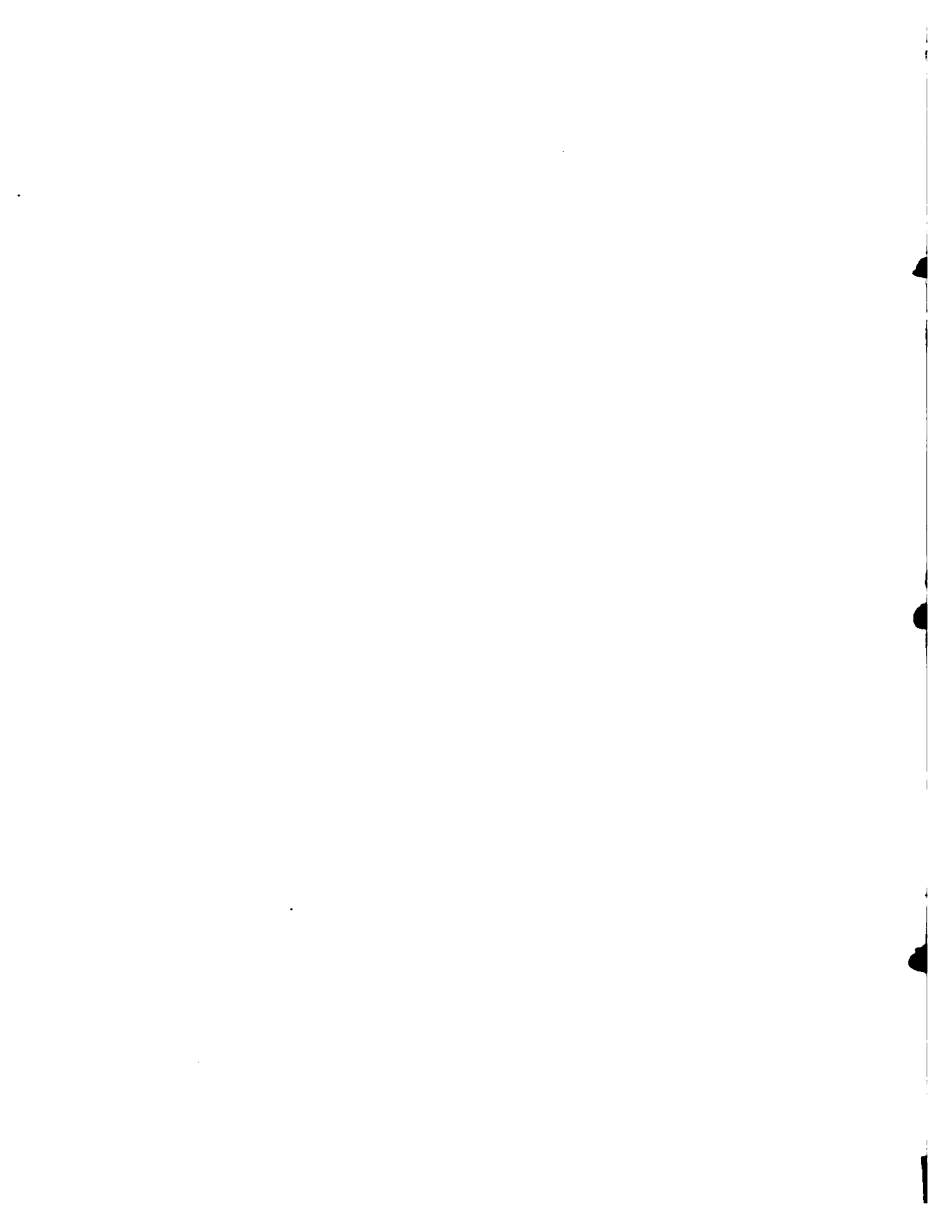
God's Spirit falls on me as dewdrops on a rose,  
If I but, like a rose, my heart to Him unclose.

Ye know God but as Lord,—hence Lord His name  
with ye ;  
I feel Him but as love, and Love His name with me.

Tho' Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,  
If He 's not born in thee, thy soul is all forlorn.

Immeasurable is the highest,— who but knows it?—  
And yet a human heart can perfectly inclose it.

—Angelus Silesius.



One never speaks of himself except at a loss.

—Montaigne.

No mud can soil us but the mud we throw.

—Lowell.

Whenever we send our loving thought in generous profusion, every part of our environment echoes back a sweet benediction.

—Henry Wood.

Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely revenged : slight it, and the work is begun ; forgive it, and it is finished.

—Quarles.

Politeness is like an air-cushion ; there may be nothing in it, but it eases the jolts wonderfully.

—Beecher.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining ;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining :  
Thy fate is the common fate of all ;  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary.

—Longfellow.



Brief! but along  
All the after years,  
To-day will be a song  
Of smiles or tears. —A. F. Ryan.

“Why do they not give such presents every day?”  
said Clara.

“O child,” I said, “it is only for thirty-six hours  
of the three hundred and sixty-five days that all people  
remember that they are all brothers and sisters,  
and those are the hours that we call, therefore, Christmas  
Eve and Christmas Day.”

“And when they always remember it,” said Bertha,  
“it will be Christmas all the time.”

—Edward Everett Hale.

Lift up your lives to the great meaning of the day,  
and dare to think of your humanity as something so  
divinely precious that it is worthy of being made an  
offering to God. Count it a privilege to make that  
offering as complete as possible, keeping nothing  
back; and then go out to the pleasures and duties  
of your life, having been truly born anew into His  
divinity, as He was born into our humanity on Christmas  
Day.

—Phillips Brooks.



What you can do, or dream you can, begin it :

Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it.

—Goethe.

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp, or  
what 's a heaven for?

—Browning.

If thou canst not make thyself such an one as thou  
wouldst, how canst thou expect to have another in  
all things to thy liking?

—Thomas á Kempis.

The world is full of judgment-days, and in every  
assembly that a man enters, in every action he  
attempts, he is gauged and stamped. A man passes  
for that he is worth.

—Emerson.

A dull day need not be a depressing day ; depression  
always implies physical or moral weakness, and  
is, therefore, never to be tolerated so long as one can  
struggle against it.

—Hamilton Wright Mabie.

Let us bring peace and happiness into our lives by  
dwelling and communing with the goodness and  
purity which is ever within the soul. Wake the  
divine within! and it will shine with a radiance and  
beauty on the lives around us, calling forth from  
their souls all that is good, true, and beautiful.

—Rachel E. Pope.





What we earnestly aspire to be, that in some sense we are.

—Anna Jameson.

Women do not often have it in their power to give like men, but they forgive like heaven.

—Mme. Necker.

“There are those who in their weakness prefer to stoop and receive the treacherous flattery and the familiar pat on the shoulder from inferiors rather than to rise in their strength, and cultivating dignity and power, fit themselves to be worthy of, not only the respect, but the admiration of their superiors.”

To see the whole range of a human character involves an intellectual and spiritual quality few of us possess. There is so little justice among us, because we possess so little intelligence. I ought not to pronounce judgment upon a fellow-creature until I know all that enters into his life ; until I can measure all the forces of temptation and resistance ; until I can give full weight to all the facts in the case. In other words, I am never in a position to judge another.

—Hamilton Wright Mabie.



"Too many people use their nest-eggs to make cake of."

Noble deeds are held in honor, but the wide world  
sorely needs  
Hearts of patience to unravel this—the worth of  
common deeds. —E. C. Stedman.

If I were to choose among all gifts and qualities  
that which, on the whole, makes life pleasantest, I  
should select the love of children. —T. W. Higginson.

Let us beware of losing our enthusiasm. Let us  
ever glory in something, and strive to retain our  
admiration for all that would ennoble, and our inter-  
est in all that would enrich and beautify our life.  
—Phillips Brooks.



When you find a person a little better than his word, a little more liberal than his promise, a little more than borne out in his statement by facts, a little larger in deed than in speech, you recognize a kind of eloquence in that person's utterance not laid down in Blair or Campbell.

—Holmes.

Life is old only to those who live in its conventions and formulas; the soil is exhausted only for those whose plowshare turns the shallow furrow.

—Hamilton Wright Mabie.

It matters not what you do,  
Make a nation or a shoe;  
For he who works an honest thing  
In God's pure sight is ranked a king.

—John Parnell.



IN CHURCH.

[The design of the chancel window is a copy in colored glass of Millet's "Sower."]

"A sower went forth to sow,"  
We heard the parable read,  
And we saw the picture glow  
Above the minister's head.

The deepening twilight fell  
Over the Sower's way,—  
And the story went on to tell  
Of what he had done that day.

He had scattered wide the seed  
With careful, generous hand,  
And earnest thought of the need  
Of harvest rich for the land.

Some fell on ground dry and cold,  
And the birds had gleaned a part;  
Some will yield a hundred-fold  
In many a softened heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

The darkness comes on apace,—  
To the picture I strain my eyes;  
And it seems, for a little space,  
The Sower has touched the skies.

—H. P. Stearns.





Conscience is the voice of God.

—Rousseau.

Do not waste a minute—not a second—in trying to demonstrate to others the merit of your own performance. If your work does not vindicate itself, you cannot vindicate it.

—T. W. Henderson.

Methinks it is a token of healthy and gentle characteristics, when women of high thoughts and accomplishments love to sew; especially as they are never more at home with their own hearts than while so occupied.

—Hawthorne.

Never attempt to enjoy every picture in a great collection. You may as well attempt to enjoy every dish at the lord mayor's feast. Study the choice pieces, look upon none else, and you will afterwards find them hanging in your memory.

—Washington Irving.

My days are stairs that lead to life's great end,  
And one by one I steadily ascend;  
Sometimes a shadow falls upon the way,—  
But, dark or light, I need not go astray.

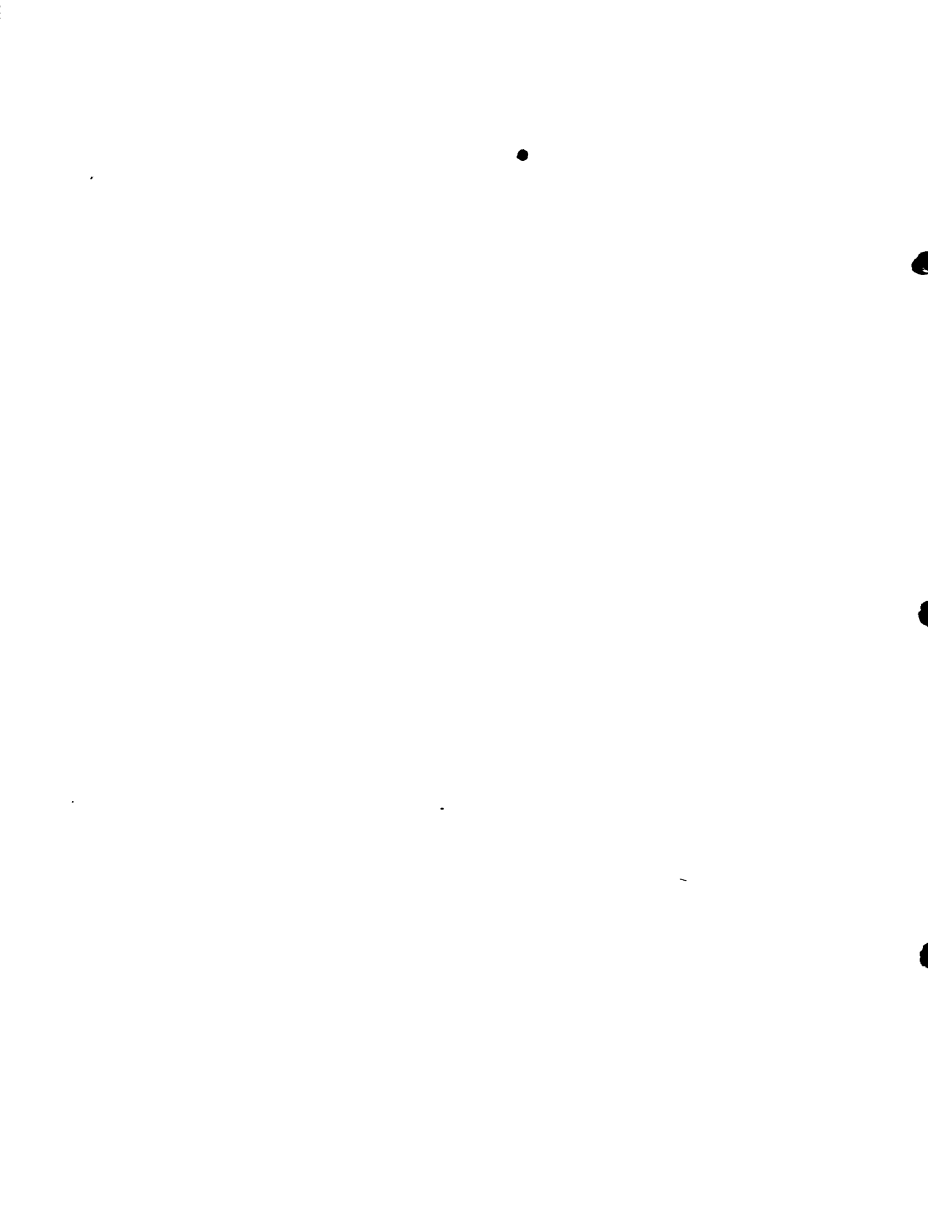
—Mrs. Helen E. Brown.



“Who’s seen my day?  
'T is gone away,  
Nor left a trace  
In any place.  
If I could only find  
Its footfall in some mind,  
Some spirit-nature stirred  
By deed of mine or word,  
I should not stand at shadowy eve  
And for my day so grieve and grieve.”

For life, with all it yields of joy and woe,  
And hope and fear,  
Is just our chance o’ the prize of learning love ;  
How love might be, hath been indeed, and is ;  
And that we hold thenceforth to the uttermost  
Such prize, despite the envy of the world,  
And having gained truth, keep truth,—that is all.

—Browning.



"No old person has a right to be ugly, because he has had all his life in which to grow beautiful."

One should every day look at a beautiful picture, or hear beautiful music, or read a beautiful poem.

—Ruskin.

Glorify the room! let in the sunshine. Without this, money, labor, taste are all thrown away. A dark room cannot be cheerful; and it is unwholesome as it is gloomy. Flowers will not blossom in it; neither will people.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Stupid people and uneducated people do not care for nice discriminations. They always have decided opinions.

—William Black.

The scholar must be, in the best sense, a man of the world; one by whom the faces and souls of men are daily read with the insight of sympathy; one to whom the great movement of humanity is the supreme fact to be felt, to be studied, to be interpreted. It is this vital relation to his own age which distinguishes the scholar from the pedant,—the man to whom the heart of knowledge reveals itself from the man whose fellowship with the past is always only "dust to dust, ashes to ashes."

—Hamilton Wright Mabie.



Every day should have some part  
Free for the Sabbath of the heart.

—Wordsworth.

The Infinite always is silent,—  
It is only the Finite speaks ;  
Our words are the idle wave-caps  
On a deep that never breaks ;  
We question with wand of science —  
Explain, decide, and discuss,—  
But only in meditation  
The mystery speaks to us.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

Gather a single blade of grass, and examine for a moment its narrow, sword-shaped strip of fluted green. Think of it well, and judge whether, of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in summer air, and of all strong and goodly trees, there be any by God more highly graced, by man more deeply loved, than that narrow point of feeble green. Consider what we owe to those countless and peaceful spears.

—Ruskin.

The first ingredient in good manners is self-respect.

—T. W. Higginson.





“Get your distaff ready, and God will send you flax.”

“The foundation of character is obedience; it is begun in the cradle.”

No man has ever come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him He gives him for mankind.

—Phillips Brooks.

Honor is like the eye, which cannot suffer the least impurity without damage; it is as a precious stone, the price of which is lessened by the least flaw.

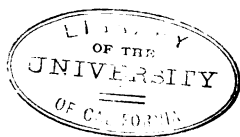
—Bossuet.

If there were only some sure and certain receipt for making a cheery person, how glad we should all be to try it!

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

When Nature gives a gorgeous rose,  
Or yields the simplest fern,  
She writes this motto on the leaves,—

*To whom it may concern.* —John G. Saxe.



Will winter never be over ?  
Will the dark days never go ?  
Must the buttercups and the clover  
Be always hid under the snow ?  
Ah, lend me your little ear, love!  
Hark! 't is a beautiful thing :  
The weariest month of the year, love,  
Is shortest and nearest the spring!

—Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes,  
After its own self-working. A child's kiss  
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad ;  
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich ;  
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong ;  
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense  
Of service which thou renderest.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.



Fades the rose ; the year grows old ;  
The tale is told ; Youth doth depart,—  
    Only stays the heart.  
    Ah, no! if stays the heart,  
    Youth can ne'er depart ;  
    Nor the sweet tale be told,  
Never the rose fade, nor the year grow old.  
                                —R. W. Gilder.

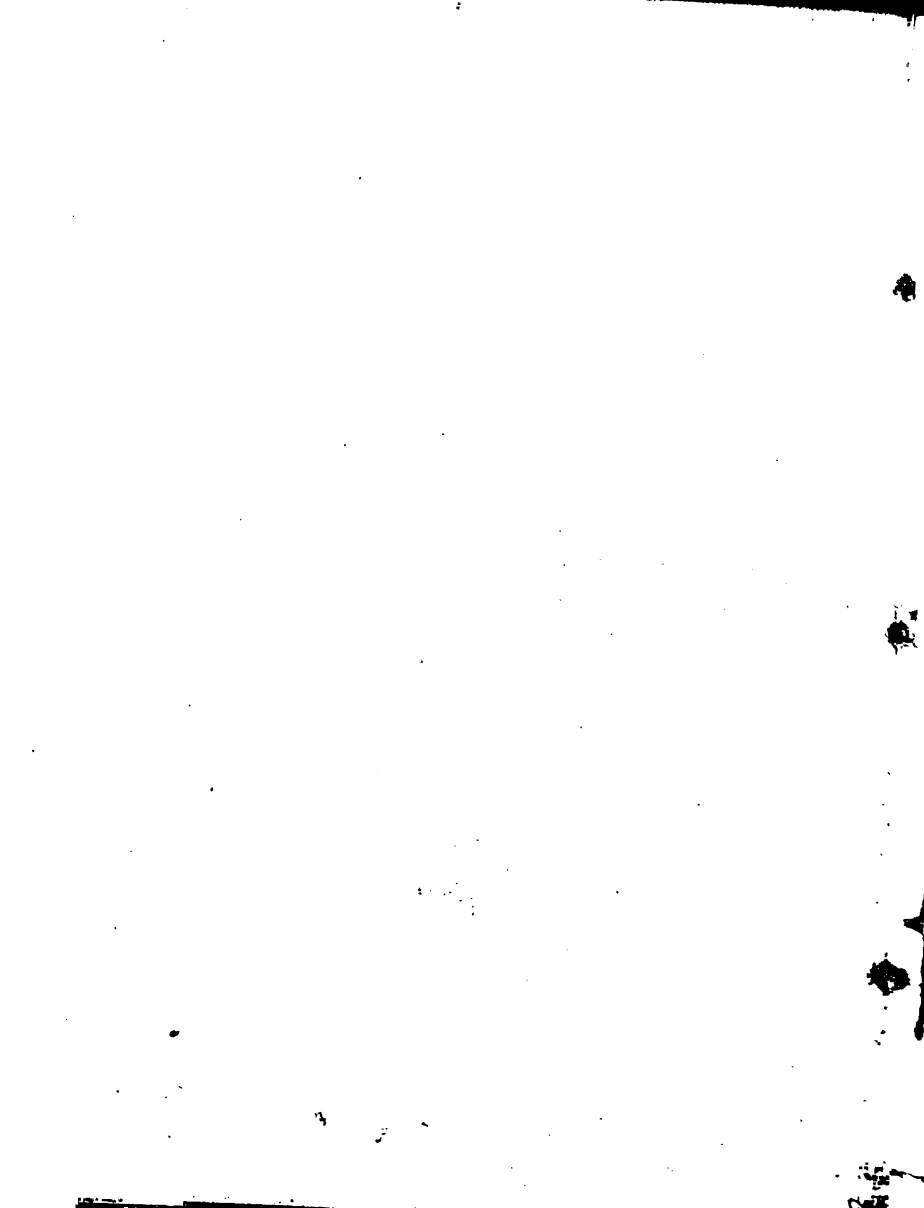
Like unto ships far off at sea,  
Outward or homeward bound, are we.  
Ah! if our souls but poise and swing,  
Like the compass in the brazen ring,  
Ever level, and ever true  
To the toil and the task we have to do,  
We shall sail securely, and safely reach  
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach  
The sights we see and the sounds we hear  
Will be those of joy, and not of fear.  
                                —Longfellow.

And so, as Tiny Tim observed, "God bless us  
every one."  
                                —Dickens.

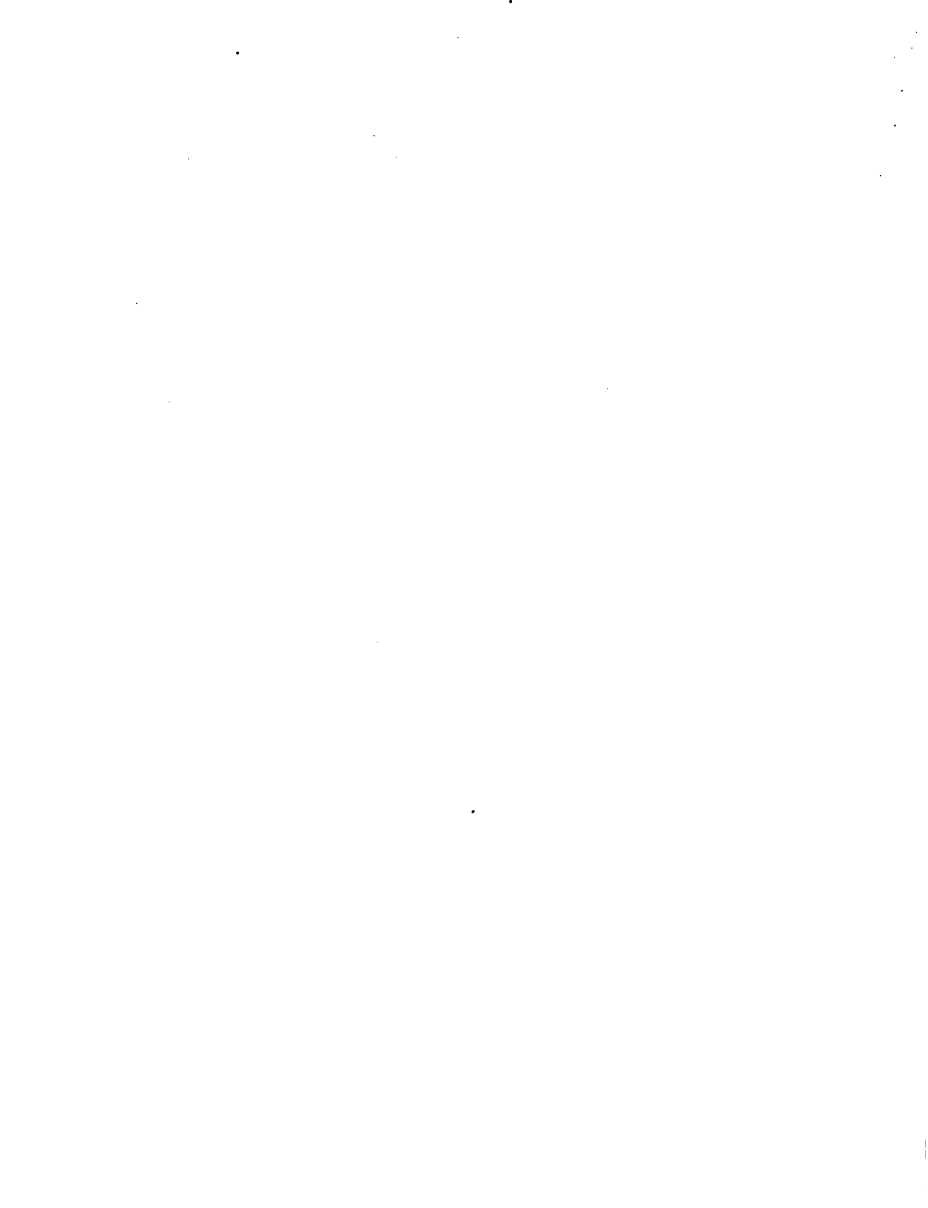


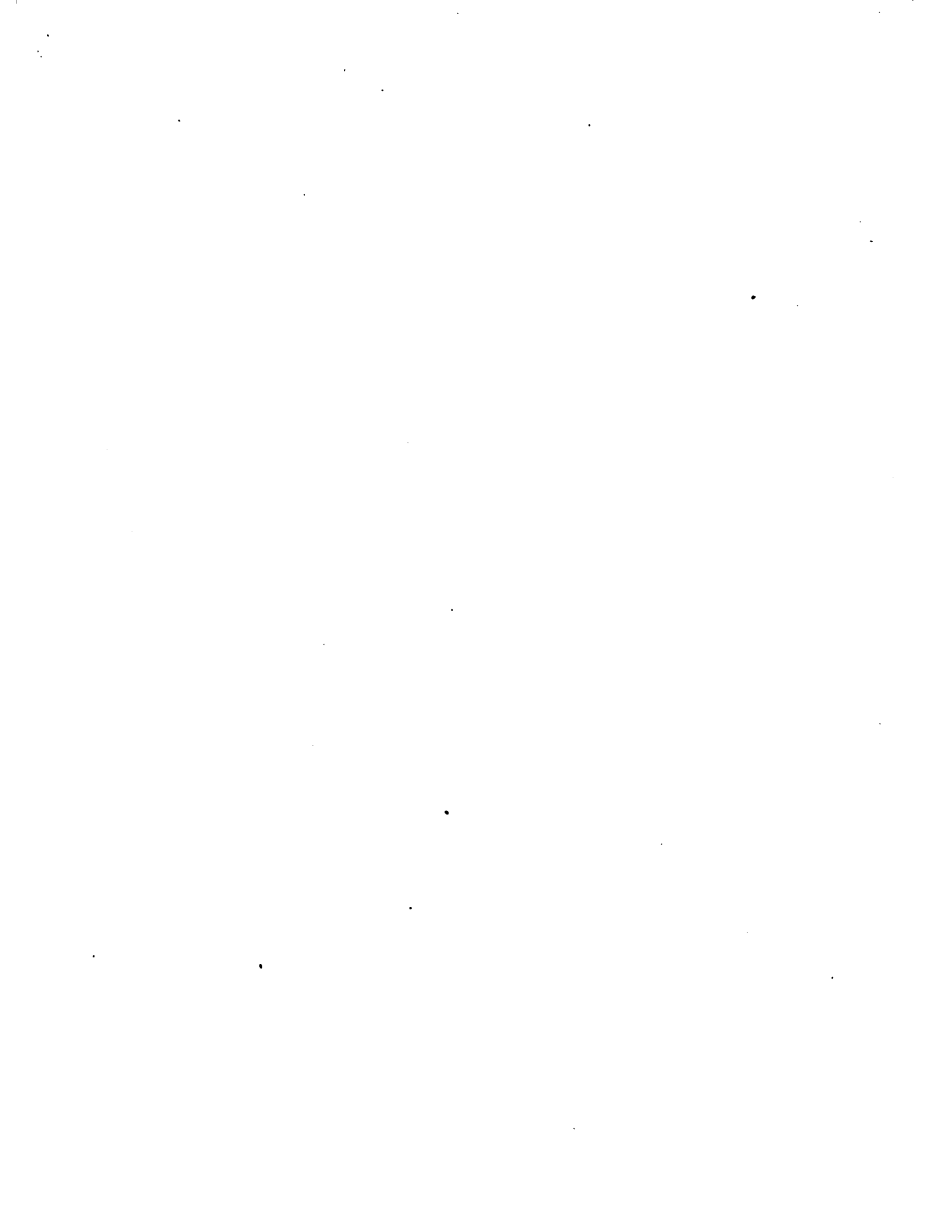












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